

English Poems  
ON  
SEA-FIGHT  
REVIEWED  
IN A  
POEM

Occasioned by the death of a person of  
Honour slain in the late War between  
the English and the Dutch.

By J. W.

Together with an *Invitation*, or Reflections on the  
Trumpeter and Conditions of Peace.

*At the request of the*

Virg. *Aeneid.*

*English Poets*

Hom. *Iliad.*

London, Printed in the year, 1674.

English Heads,  
OF A  
SEA-FIGHT  
REVIEWED  
IN A  
POEM

Occasioned by the death of a person of  
Honour slain in the late War between  
the English and the Dutch.

Together with an Account of the  
Trimmers and Condoctors.

By JOHN WILSON, Esq.  
of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

An Adviceto a Friend to print his Poem,  
part being written some years past.

**W**hen sense in Poësie beightened cometh forth,  
It doth not borrow from the times its worth,  
As some spruce Wits, whom Fortune doth renown  
For some caught upstart humour of the Town,  
Which when digested in a waggish Verse,  
Extorts a laugh from Clubbing Stationers,  
Or some pert Novice who will them commend,  
If luckily a pair of lines do end,  
Or some fond Poet, who writes Plays in rithm,  
With an odd measure vaumping up odd time,  
Which made Theatrical, the vulgar shares,  
At's jingling verse, tagg'd at the points he wears,  
'Tis trifling Art which syllables can vary,  
What you write's like Cæsar's Commentary,  
And what's eternal do not call too late,  
That neither hath a Poste or Antedate.

J. W.

part being written some years past.

W hen James in Poole's brightness comes forth,  
It doth not borrow from the stars its worth;  
As some Prince that whose Fortune doth remove  
Her name caught up the banner of the Town,  
Which when displayed in a waggish Vexil,  
Exalts a laugh from Clinging Stationers;  
Or some poor Novice who will them command,  
To make a pair of those no end;  
Or some fond Fool, who wears Pines in his shirt,  
It is a mad man's rambling up old time,  
Which made Theophrastus the single Plurist;  
And in the end, as I might in his place,  
Let a thing or two fall like some day;  
If you will, like the Oracle's Command;  
And when I shall be not call too late,  
I will be back a little more.

.W.7



ENGLISH ILLIADS,

OR A

SEA-FIGHT

REVIEWED

IN A

POEM

Occasioned by the death of a person of  
Honour slain in the late VVar between  
the English and the Dutch.

---

On the Death of the Lord of  
MAIDSTONE.

**W**Er's proper now to cry, or make sad noise,  
I'de borrow breath, or ~~make a~~ <sup>make a</sup> ~~semiter's~~ <sup>semiter's</sup> voice  
Rending the Earth for's Vault, and with my moan  
The Earth should eccho whilst the Sea did groan.

B

His

(2)

His Mourners throat must all be Canon bore,  
Who 'wails his fate, loud as the Seas must roar.  
I call my Muse, which through a tender throat,  
At vulgar death sends forth a whining note;  
Here must be sighs like winds, which raging  
blow

With lofty wings disordering all below.  
Some with their sudden shrieks awaken'd death,  
Whilst men expiring catch their mourners breath,  
By which but half alive, they ghastly stare,  
'Till Fates retake their *rescu'd* Prisoner,  
Way with such accents, they are childish tones.  
Honours disturb'd by 'frighting Female moans.

---

NOBLES *and* TARPOLLINS  
*compar'd.*

---

**T**hough the bold Sailor's arm'd 'gainst wind  
and weather,  
Whose Nerves like cordage knit his limbs together,  
Whose

Whose joynts like Pulleys, and his Callous hand,  
 Like the Ships helm, can its vaste bulk command;  
 And leggs and arms, as *yards* and *masts*, whilst he  
 Vaunts with his strength, the Ships *Epitome*:  
 Rigg'd by his King he fears not to prevail,  
 Tallow'd in's *mels*, and when cloath'd under *sail*,  
 Such a *Sea-man of War* by's own broadside,  
 Not by the Ships, thinks himself fortified,  
 Though this *Pitch Monster* strutting on the decks  
 In heat of fight melts like a Babe of wax:  
 Yet Nobles tender frame Seamen deride,  
 Not *built* by Nature t'outface wind and tide,  
 But the Tarpollin thinks his own skin buff,  
 Tann'd by the weather to be *Musket proof*,  
 And in his sinews only made for toyl  
 Thinks himself wrapt as in a *cable coyl*  
 Yet he's not safe, though he scape *iron balls*  
 As ill built *fabricks* by's own weight he falls,  
 As *Niobe* suppose him made of stone,  
 With marble sides hard as the rock, his bone  
 Ribb'd like his vessel, whom if you look on  
 You'll swear his soul's in *Naiurs* garrison  
 Yet not secure, a little force hath broke  
 The sturvy flint when art did give the strok

(4)

A twisted silk much stronger is than thread,  
Those who are finest made, not soonest dead.  
How much of Canvas, and rude flesh was torn?  
How many limbs broke in that bloody morn?  
Yet Maidstone's fate, the cruel Fates all day,  
Fore they could hit, their threatening balls did  
lay.

Some look on *Voluntiers* as on the Moon,  
Which the Clown thinks made to be gaz'd upon.  
These are but vulgar errors, for each ray  
Commands a wave, her all the Seas obey.  
Such true Heroes, who adorn their breast,  
With a brave courage, not for fight were drest,  
Yet the Ships Glory, they as Colours are  
To shew whose Ship it is, and cause of War,  
Which *Flags* of silk are oft with honour born,  
On the *Main Top* when lower sails are torn.

---

*Late Wars compar'd with those in former Ages.*

---

SPEAK of men who dare in forests stalk,  
Mongst

Mongst Decks and Cayes, but who on Decks can  
walk.

The Naval Squadrons when design'd for War,  
Seem like a Wood where fiercest Creatures are,  
Whose Images, plac'd on the Sterns, do more  
Affright than living savage Beasts at Shore,  
Vnder those shadows the loud Cannons roar,  
These senseless Figures onely made for state,  
Seem living when the Guns them animate,  
From Mast to Mast Sea-men like Squirrels skip,  
Whilst great Guns roar, as Lions, in the ship;  
A Fleets a moving Desert on the Seas,  
An artificial floating Wilderness,  
When Souldiers were first train'd they onely  
knew

To bend a Wooden Arch, a piece of Eugh,  
Or sturdy steely which scorns us bridle string,  
And humane arms, whilst it the shot doth sling,  
They sent their darts like winged death through  
the aire,

Whose threatening plumes stroke Armies in de-  
spair,  
But never bullet shot, which as it flies,  
Do's whistle death, and sing mens O'sequies



When steal's edg'd force, and hollow brass un-  
known,

Prodigious stones were by great Ajax thrown,  
Which by success mongst Greeks were fam'd and  
made

The subject of Old Homers Iliade,

The Roman who by sieges spread his name,

His cheifest Engine was the battering Ram

When Cities were as folds, the Hurdle wall

By such mechanical devise did fall:

When brutish men first yok'd in towns were stal'd

And Kings and Shepheards by the same name call'd

The first and best of Engineers did use

Glass to burn Ships which were at Syracuse,

Such weapons if with ours compar'd are toyes,

Ours look like Soldiers arms, theirs fit for boyes;

Though Glasses (those bold thieves) out face the  
Sun,

And steal noons fire, they are by Guns out down,

Canons their Engines do as much surpass

As a Fire ship doth a smal burning Glais

Let Carthaginians talk of Alps and snow,

The Liquid Mountains, which on seas do flow,

Are much more terrible, rock mountains there,

Yield

(7)

Yield not to ships though fraught with vinegar  
By punick Art 'haps such sowre liquor, can  
Consume *Land rocks*; not *those* in th' Ocean;  
All these can't fright, nor rocks or raging wind  
Can 'ere make wreck of a true noble mind.

---

*Canons more terrible than Thunder.*

---

**W**HO Guns and Thunder will compare may  
see  
How Heavens out done by Earths artillery  
To be aveng'd of some an angry Jove  
Calls for a Cloud, and when it is above,  
Contracting it's own nitrous parts, doth crowd  
Them in the bosom of a dismal Cloud,  
Thus charg'd, it sails about the spacious Aire  
Striking some guilty Cowards in despair,  
And makes an Emperour put's lawrel on  
Fearing the Worlds, and's own destruction:  
And when great Jove prepared stands to shoot,  
Through

Through the Clouds bowels the enrag'd fire bursts  
out,

The fluid sides its force doth rend in sunder,  
And then's the crack w<sup>ch</sup> Mortals do call thunder,  
To make a noise like that once Art did try,

That Earth might be the Eccho of the Sky,  
One envying the pompous State above  
Did give a challenge to the thundring Jove,  
A Charriot with a Bridge thought he could vye  
Noise with Heavens arch though his was not so  
high.

But none Guns thunder counterfeited, that  
Franken's all skill and power to imitate,  
If Art and Nature joyn'd for a loud noise,  
The Cannons roaring mouth would be their  
choice,

Things so unlike who ever dar'd compare,  
Guns brazen sides, and thunders cloudy aire?  
The hollow Hons more dreadful and more loud  
Than th hollow heavens are with the thundring  
clouds,

For a bolt sent from thence, may vnder his stroke,  
Touch an immov'd hill or shake an Oak,  
Split by unknown force, but when the Gun.

Send

Sends shot, that can rend ships, more oakes then  
one.

Thunder affrights with noyse but hurts us not,  
Like a gun charg'd with powder and with shot,  
Lightnings like fire ships with false wooden guns  
Only can scorch the sides by which it runs,  
But when the prison'd shot breaks loose the gun

It self doth ~~flie~~ and carriage backward run  
No sooner is the fire put to the train'd  
But by one blow almost an army's slain;  
The thundring clouds can't at all times appear  
Heavens guns are charging at least half the year,  
From Spring to Autumn, then the angry sky  
Doth scorch the Earth which Summers heat made  
dry.)

But Canons force, quick as the sudden eye,  
One spark makes shot, swift as the lightnings fly  
Such fatal thunder he did fear not more  
Than noise proclaiming triumphs on the shore.  
More brave than Caesar he scorns laurel wreaths  
Though midst sea, lightning, and the smoke he  
breathes  
Cause when it thunder'd he no laurel wore  
Its but just to crown him with a oak shore.

C

Some

*Some Ships on Fire.*

**T**Hese are home-dangers, when he looks a-  
 broad.  
 He sees more terrors in the wavy Road,  
 There fire and water in confusion,  
 The world did seem to end as it began,  
 For th' Elements contending on the main,  
 Seem'd a new Chaos, and confus'd again,  
 Sulphurous lightning all about he sees,  
 Whose flashes threaten to lick up the Seas,  
 More dreadful towards him great Phœbe's fall  
 That frighted Earth, but this do's Sea and all  
 Its powerful Gods, such flames do fly about,  
 Which Neptune in's full sea cannot put out,  
 Nothing but flames, from which way so ere he turn  
 The grapling Keels like funeral Piles do burn,  
 Which boards some ships, and none its rage can stop,  
 Displaying its flaming Flag on the Main top,  
 That



(11)

(That Lemnian Cripple propt with one sound leg)  
With greatest Monarchs will dispute his Flag.  
No buckets then can serve, no Engine can  
Quench such wild fire though 't squirts the Ocean :  
Seamen like spiders up the Ropes do climb,  
And there they hang long in their weary dlimb  
Can hold, but when the raging fire doth play,  
To quench themselves fall down into the Sea.  
Wild beasts at sight of fire do start, and fly,  
And some with noise of Guns, not shot, do die,  
But the brave Spirits dare themselves involve  
In fire which can't destroy, though 't can dissolve,  
They are *first principles*, who fear no flame,  
Which may scorch bodies, but calcines their name.

---

*More danger in a Sea-Fight, than  
in a Land-Battle.*

---

**F**ortune dilov'n's the name of *Wheel*, for she  
Makes leas the Emblem of unconstancy ;

She on a wavy globe impow'd to drown  
 More rash then ~~spoke~~ do's turn waves up and  
 down  
 The hardned Seamen, who their days have spent;  
 With patience, on th' unconstant Element  
 Say that their lives still border on despair  
 Their flying Fish scarce live twixt floods and air,  
 Who can proynosticate where winds will blow  
 Or calculate how high the seas will flow,  
 By ~~lunar~~ aspects, when art that hath done  
 Tis like a picture of a ~~chasing~~ moon  
 A Proteas face who ever could pourtreay  
 Or gogling eye which never looks, one way.  
 Sea fights not rul'd by science, no sure skill  
 To protect lives, or certaine rule to kill  
 Who in camp's secure within his line,  
 And nought do's fear but earth quakes or a mine  
 Which may be sprung, from which point winds do  
 blow;  
 He cares not seeing his footing's sure below;  
 But who on seas doth venture out to war  
 Must wait the leisure of some slow-pact star  
 And fickle winds. The Roman with his spade  
 Hath level'd hills, and wayes through moun-  
 taines made

But

But waiſe mounts not ſtrength or art makes plain  
 A planet queen in rambling ſeas doth reign;  
 Only the moon can make ſeas riſe or fall,  
 And as ſhe runs her courſe obeys her call.

*Some excuſe cowardize with Pretence that no  
 Valour can be ſhewed at Sea.*

**T**O ſtay on ſhore Cowards more pleas will  
 feign

And cry down all the actions on the main,  
 They curſe the gods and do blind Fortune blame  
 And her ſit Engines, guns which have no aime;  
 The ſhip doth ſtagger, and the moving gun  
 Unconſtant as the wheel it runs upon:  
 Canons ſurprize and do in ambuſh lay,  
 Peepe out of wood, and unexpected ſlay,  
 And as a Lyon Seiz'd of's prey doth roar  
 Come out of thickets not perceiv'd before;  
 Whin duels falls, or the ſword's victim lyes,  
 He ſees the point which threatens fore he dyes

But

But Bullets are not seen whilst they do fly,  
 Clandestine murder gives them Victory,  
 And when that is obtain'd, the treach'rous Gun  
 Makes Proclamation of what shot hath done,  
 Who on the land with *fleet* do miss their *pass*  
 Retract and stand on the same ground and place,  
 And some land souldiers save themselves by flight,  
 With as much honour as they could by fight,  
 But ships are prisons, and the *Naval Wall*,  
 Does shut men up, till Fate sayes who shall fall,  
 These thoughts keeps some at home, who ne'r in-  
 tend

To go beyond their *Thule*, the *Lands end*,  
 For fear the briny foulds their feet should wet,  
 Their door posts are *Herculean Pillars* set,  
 These are like trees which on the Earth do stand  
 Ty'd fast by roots and nourish't by the Land,  
 They are like shell-fish, and their souls home-bred.  
 Who starve without a house spread o're their head;  
 This *Crab fish Crew*, when they are forc't to sea,  
 Though seeming forward, backward creep away,  
 They when the *Fleets* are smartly joyn'd in fight  
 Like *Uper enchanted* vanish out of sight,  
 And when there's thunder for their eads too loud,

*Ennaas*

*Aeneas* like, pass off in smoke and clouds,  
 But *Mars* stone fought aloft in sight of all,  
 And made the World Spectators of his fall.  
 Some with these dangers terrified did weep,  
 Cowards like Reptiles in the Ark did did creep  
 Into the hole as Snakes without warm blood,  
 Or treacherous Greeks shut in a *Horse Wood*.

### *Loss of Men in the Ships*

**T**O see the number of the men there slain  
 Would make some blood congeal'd in every  
 vein;  
 To see an arm broke here, and there a thigh,  
 And legs design'd to walk, in thair to fly,  
 Some would expire by kind sympathy  
 There are *dissections* where the small shot flie,  
 That fleas the man, and fleaws his Arteries,  
 And veins and sinews with the naked bone,  
 Without a help of a Chyrurgion.

But



But th' *great Shot* as terrible as *great*  
 Opens the breast and shews how the heart does  
 beat,  
 With ruins compass'd he undaunted stood,  
 Aloft mongst splinters of the bones and Wood,  
 How many Cowards in a fearful fit,  
 Fancied themselves next *blot* that should be hit:  
 How many victims slain sell by his side,  
 How many deaths saw he before he dy'd,  
 The numerous Corps hurl'd over board that day,  
 Like men at *Chesboard* he saw *born away*,  
 True courage faints not though *bare bones* it see,  
 Neither doth start at Wars Anatomy.  
 Though thousands bleed on decks, and thousands  
 slain  
 Like Monsters floating on the bloody *Main*,  
 Reliques of carcasses boy'd by the flood,  
 Like *Niles Productions* out of its warm *Mud*,  
 Yet all these sights his valour could not check,  
 Which Scorns all storms He's like a Mast on Deck  
 If all were slain He'd call the ship his own,  
 Nought can disturb brave souls possession.

The

*leg The Fifth Brevalind (17)*

**T**he Sullen Calm & the more chwanting tyde  
 Stood in the way when victory should ride,  
 Yet the stout English valour wont obey  
 Commands of sickle air or flowing sea,  
 If *Aeolus* hold his, they'l breathe a wind  
 Into their sails, rather than look behind;  
 Sandwich and Harman both will cross the sea,  
 If *Neptune* frown they'l frown as much as he;  
 If he do side with the Dutch enemy  
 If *Aeolus* be sullen, and the waves  
 Like a dead sea, they'll row like galley Slaves  
 With Canons iron oars, for every gun  
 When 'twas discharg'd did serve to tug them on  
 The winds were like the cunning Swede and Dane  
 Who interposed in actions on the Main  
 And seem'd like friends but merely out of spite  
 They stopt their breath for to prevent the fight

Only

*Only part of the Fleet engaged.*

**H**ave you not seen the Snake that dunn'd  
 When some stout arm cuts its sleek back in sunder,  
 Though't so disabled that it cannot fight  
 With spiral turnings would its part unite  
 So the last sever'd ships, and disjointed Fleet  
 Did make Meanders on the Waves to meet;  
 Yet 'twas in vain, for Seamen with their skill  
 Tacking about, their sayles could never fill.  
 Have you not seen a Champion, when he's held  
 By others strength from rushing in the field,  
 Doubles his rage, as Sampson when he's bound  
 Did snap his cords, and all about him wound  
 Such was the English valour, they on board  
 Did Burst a cable as he snapt a cord  
 For though the Calm opposing ships do'ye  
 Like ankors to their bay the bullets fly

*Nobility*

*Nobility doth not degrade it self by encount-  
ers with the most best vassals.*

**T**He want of courage some would thus excuse,  
With a loud oath they swear they do not use  
To fight gainst galley slaves, and when they dyd  
Would for their lives as *Pears by Pears*, be try'd  
Such weak pretences this brave *Hero* scorn'd,  
By the base foe the conquest is don'd  
Champions design'd the greatest act to do,  
Fought not with stars but baser things below.  
Gyants were fools, who did the heavens assault,  
'Tis more true valour t' enter in a vault  
Where Snakes or Dragoncs are, such foes as these  
Become *St. George*, or the great *Hercules*,  
Who ugly *Polyphemus* hills in's den  
Doth more than if he slew ten thousand men,  
Hè who resolv'd to get the name of man  
Fights not th' *Athenians*, But the *Affrican*,

Some Hero's travel'd to the banks of Nile  
 Cause famous for its monstrous Crocodile  
 The Champions so renown'd for Courage, when  
 They went to fight sought not for gentlemen,  
 Great *Thefeus* dur'd Robbers and did slay  
 The plundering crew, which on the road did prey  
 One Hero's virtue by a *dagge* tryed,  
 By which the *Augcan* groom was deified.  
 Who wanting foes above to try his might  
 Did open earth, and went to Hell to fight,

---

*My Lord kill'd by a shot, when the Dutch Fleet was  
 at a great distance from the English, about  
 six a clock in the Evening.*

---

ALL mischief seems far off, when it is near,  
 It ceases to be such, caus'd doth appear;  
 It is Fates method to conceal decrees,  
 What's most pernicious, that man seldom sees,  
 When Nature fights, and doth resolve to kill,  
 She fools Physicians with pretended skill,

By



By what man falls these men of Art scarce know;  
 Till death strips man, and shews the mortal blow.  
*Dark Destinies* with him did seem to play,  
 But a sad Vesper clos'd an auspicious day,  
 They seem'd unwilling, yet resolv'd his fall,  
 And then like *Jugglers* play'd a *Fatal Ball*.  
 When stars fight against men, and Heavens wage  
 War,  
*Saturn* hurts most, though the most distant star,  
 As a land Captain he to death did yield,  
 The first who enters, but last leaves the field,  
 He fell, and as he fell, the Seamen cry,  
 Here is true *valour*, true *Nobility*,  
 They look't on him, and the *declining Sun*,  
 And when both *sate*, 'twas time the fight was done.

An

*An Irenicum or Reflections on the Conditions  
of Peace by the Trumpeter.*

Come Triton with thy Trumpet calm the Seas,  
Proclaim no Triumph, only sound like peace,  
Away my Martial numbers it is meet,  
You are laid by like a neglected Fleet,  
My comick Muse *Halcyon* like will rest,  
On the shore side, no Seas will wrack her nest,  
Now Guns are gagged, and speak not as in War,  
There is no sound but of the Trumpeter;  
Who on the English shores, in's brass did blow  
With such success as once 'gainst *Jericho*,  
For by's breath the Ships our wooden Wall  
Gave way, though force could never make them fall,  
Dutch bottoms like the Trojan bulky Horse,  
Which ne're could find away by Arms or force,  
But when a treasure in their keeles do bring,  
The Fleet makes way as Convoy to a King.

FINIS.

